



RING IN THE NEW

Are you still writing "1961" on your papers and letters? I'll bet you are, you scamps! But I am not one to be harsh with those who forget we are in a new year, for I myself have long been guilty of the same lapse. In fact, in my senior year at college, I wrote 1873 on my papers until nearly November of 1874! (It turned out, incidentally, not to be such a serious error because, as we all know, 1874 was later repealed by President Chester A. Arthur in a fit of pique over the Black Tom Explosion. And, as we all know, Mr. Arthur later came to regret his hasty action. Who does not recall that famous meeting between Mr. Arthur and Louis Napoleon when Mr. Arthur said, "Lou, I wish I hadn't of repealed 1874." Whereupon the French emperor made his immortal rejoinder, "*Tipsi que nous et tyler fu.*" Well sir, they had many a good laugh about that, as you can imagine.)

But I digress. How can we remember to write 1962 on our papers and letters? Well sir, the best way is to find something memorable about 1962, something unique to fix it firmly in your mind. Happily, this is very simple because, as we all know, 1962 is the first year in history that is divisible by 2, by 4, and by 7. Take a pencil and try it: 1962 divided by 2 is 981; 1962 divided by 4 is 490-1/2; 1962 divided by 7 is 280-2/7. This mathematical curiosity will not occur again until the year 2079, but we will all be so busy then celebrating the Chester A. Arthur bicentenary that we will scarcely have time to be writing papers and letters and like that.

Another clever little trick to fix the year 1962 in your mind is to remember that 1962 spelled backwards is 2091. "Year" spelled backwards is "raey." "Marlboro" spelled backwards is "orobram." Marlboro smoked backwards is no fun at all. Kindly do not light the filter. What you do is put the filter end in your

lips, then light the tobacco end, then draw, and then find out what pleasure, what joy, what rapture serene it is to smoke the filter cigarette with the unfiltered taste. In 1962, as in once and future years, you'll get a lot to like in a Marlboro—available in soft pack and flip-top box in all 50 states and Duluth.

But I digress. We were speaking of the memorable aspects of 1962 and high among them, of course, is the fact that in 1962 the entire House of Representatives stands for election. There will, no doubt, be many lively and interesting contests, but none, I'll wager, quite so lively and interesting as the one in my own district where the leading candidate is none other than Chester A. Arthur!

Mr. Arthur, incidentally, is not the



"You I wish I hadn't of repealed 1874."

first ex-president to come out of retirement and run for the House of Representatives. John Quincy Adams was the first. Mr. Adams also holds another distinction: he was the first son of a president ever to serve as president. It is true that Martin Van Buren's son, Walter "Blinky" Van Buren, was at one time offered the nomination for the presidency, but he, alas, had already accepted a bid to become Mad Ludwig of Bavaria. James K. Polk's son, on the other hand, became Salmon P. Chase. Millard Fillmore's son went into air-conditioning. This later was known as the Missouri Compromise.

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In Missouri, or anywhere else, there is no compromise with quality in Marlboro or the new unfiltered king-size Philip Morris Commander. The Commander does something new in cigarette making—gentle vacuum cleans the tobacco for flavor and mildness. Get aboard! You'll be welcome.



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